

The World

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CARRYING CONCEALED WEAPONS.

It having developed that a prisoner before Judge McCall had served ten days in the Tombs for carrying a revolver, the Judge said: "Any man who carries a revolver ought to serve a term of ten years."

The observation loses some of its force because of its exaggeration for the sake of sententiousness, but it is based on a proper appreciation of the peril to life of the pistol habit. It is a habit on which we lecture the South periodically while licensing a thousand citizens to go about with deadly weapons in their possession, ready in a moment of passion to shoot down a fellow-citizen. And we wink at the practice on the part of others who have not gone through the formality of securing a permit. The number of such permits revoked by Commissioner Greene at the time of the recent Subway strike troubles indicated the extent to which the department had indulged private citizens in making arsenals of themselves for self-protection. "It is generally the loafer," says Judge Cowing, "who is found with concealed weapons. But it is an alarming fact that more New York people are carrying revolvers than ever before."

It is an abuse of personal privilege for which a more adequate penalty should be provided. A man's life should not be permitted to depend on the flash of a pistol or stiletto from the pocket of a man made blind by momentary passion to all sense of justice.

DEATH FROM APOPLEXY.

Dr. Love, dying at fifty-five of apoplexy, had but entered the "apoplectic area," or period of human life during which deaths from this cause are most numerous. This area may be roughly said to extend from fifty to seventy, the maximum of deaths occurring at sixty. Thus, in 1901 in New York the number of apoplectic fatalities increased from 73 at forty and 82 at forty-five to 148 at fifty, 145 at fifty-five and 194 at sixty. The diminution began at sixty-five, at which age 166 died.

These are Health Department figures, which show 2,540 deaths from apoplexy in 1901 out of a total of 70,720. In 1902 the number was 2,449. A man's observation of the causes of death that most conspire to remove his friends might lead him to think the percentage of such fatal strokes larger than it is. Actually, apoplexy ranks low in the list.

Is it by a beneficent provision of Providence that the apoplectic stroke strikes its victim down so frequently at a time of unusual mental exaltation? The blow falls at a moment of great joy or festivity, halting a jest on the lips, interrupting a hearty laugh with the fatal summons. A cerebral shock, the rupture of a weakened blood vessel in the brain or the arrival of a tiny clot of foreign matter abnormally deposited there by the blood, and the candle of life is snuffed out.

Is it not better so than at the end of long months of weakness and pain?

Cruelty to Animals.—Philip Certe, held under bonds of \$300 for whipping a dog with a leather thong, was amazed. "It was my dog," said he. This amazement has been shared by many citizens who have been arrested or rebuked for cruelty to animals. It is realized that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has investigated more than 50,000 such cases and secured as many as 500 convictions within a year?

FOOD THEORIES.

We need not go to the extreme of banishing beef-steak from the table or dispensing with fish in indorsing some of the Physical Culture Society's dietetic ideas as good and appropriating them for our particular use.

Their reliance on olive oil as an article of diet might be advantageously imitated. Except for a few drops of it on a salad occasionally, what use do we make of this most nutritious of foods? What use do we make of nuts except for cake and to serve sparingly at the end of a Christmas dinner to guests already gorged to repletion? The walnuts ought to come in, whether with or without the wine, at every dinner. They contain great nutriment, and the old fear of their indigestibility is passing.

A recent alimentary improvement is the sale of ground peanuts in the form of peanut butter for sandwiches. The humble "goober pea" may some day come into its own as a prime article of diet. Not unlikely another generation will laud it for its virtues as loudly as this condemns it for plebeian associations. Well, was not the tomato once despised as poisonous and terrapin left for the blacks on the plantation as unworthy of appearance on the dining-table at the "big house?"

THE SUICIDE THAT FAILED.

Life having lost its zest for Frederick Benlar, tailor, he decided to end it, and as a preliminary to his exit from the stage, even as the murderer before he starts for the electric chair, he indulged his appetite in a square meal, the menu of which is appetizing even to a man who has just eaten.

This farrowed feast began with Blue Points, still permissible in spite of almanacs because of the bleak June weather, and ranged through green turtle soup, brook trout, Philadelphia squab and asparagus on toast to strawberries. The demi-tasse, the claret and the post-prandial cigar were not omitted. After such a meal, serenely full, the epicure might say, Fate cannot harm me! I have dined to-day.

But the dinner, instead of banishing melancholy, merely seemed to deepen Benlar's depression and to confirm his purpose of self-destruction. Into the raging East River he jumped, still smoking his perfect a sybarite to the last. But the water was cold, rudely shocking the sensibilities of the would-be suicide. He forgot his high resolves and yelled for assistance, and in a few minutes emerged from the stream at the end of a boat-hook, a grumbled and repentant man.

Now, will Benlar brace up and look the world in the face and be a man? He is given a new lease of life—an undeserved one at that; one for which others less fortunate are ready to pay millions. He will be a pretty poor specimen of human life if he proves ungrateful.

"Only One Love."—Next week's Evening World serial will be "Only One Love," by Charles Garvice, an old-style love story containing a fervor of sentiment and an intensity of dramatic episode that rank it in interest with the best work of Laura Jean Libbey and "The Duchess." Mr. Garvice has delineated an exceedingly charming heroine whose social program from the hut in the forest to the inner circles of the haut ton is not the least attractive feature of the story. The plot turns on the disappearance of a will; and the arrival of the hero at a critical juncture to save the heroine from complications furnishes a most exciting situation.

LIGHTNING LARRY, THE MESSENGER BOY, FAILS TO MAKE GOOD.



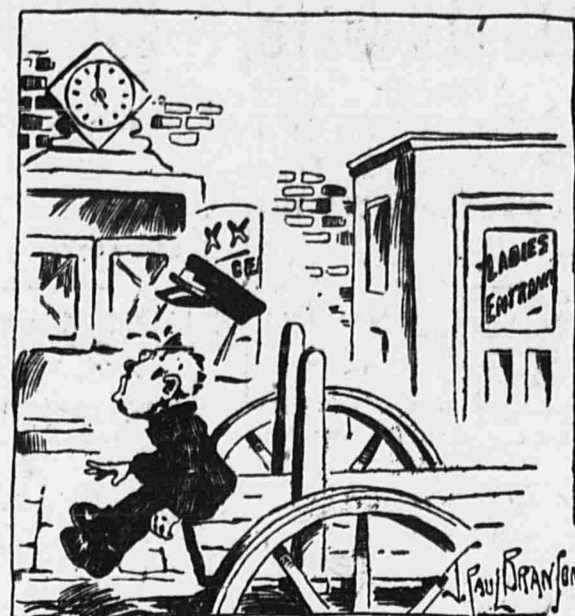
1. Clerk—This must be delivered by 2 o'clock or you lose your job. See?



2. Larry—I can make it dead easy. I'll catch a ride.



3. Larry—Here's where I do a two-minute drowse. Driver—Get up, ye skates!



4. Ted—Five o'clock! I've slept four miles an' three hours.

TOLD ABOUT
NEW YORKERS.

JOHN J. WATERBURY. President of the Manhattan Trust Company, is to represent the United States in an international convention at Berlin to formulate regulations for wireless telegraphy. He will sail the last of July and reach Berlin Aug. 4.

Rev. Dr. Newton Dwight Hillis is a defender of Cromwell. In an address to the graduating class of an academy in Pittsburgh Tuesday night he said: "For three centuries Cromwell has been misunderstood, but now the world is rising to pay that debt of mercy. Cromwell raised 850 English castles and fortresses and filled up that yawning chasm which feudalism cleaved between the prince and the subject. Cromwell stood for the home and for the school, and this graduating class to-night, and every student in the land, owes his well-being to Cromwell's steadfast decision and the supremacy of his faith."

The name of Ex-Representative John M. Farquhar, of Buffalo, who is in Washington, was presented to the President some time ago by labor interests as a suitable man for a good position in the Department of Commerce and Labor. There was likewise mention of his name in connection with the position of assistant secretary of the new department, a place that has not yet been filled. The understanding is that a Western man is to be named for assistant secretary, and for a long time the opinion has been that this man would be E. E. Clark, Grand Chief of the Order of Railway Conductors. Mr. Clark's name has lately been associated with the place of Commissioner of Labor, now held by Carroll D. Wright. Mr. Wright will retire from his office before a great while to become the executive head of the Clark College School at Worcester, Mass., of which Senator Hoar is a trustee. Mr. Wright is said to have urged the President to induce Mr. Clark to take the position of Commissioner of Labor upon the vacancy being made.

Representative Wilson and State Senator Joseph Wagner, of Brooklyn, failed to induce President Roosevelt to accept an invitation to the fiftieth anniversary celebration of the Brooklyn Turn Verein, June 27. The President said that he will leave Washington that day for Oyster Bay to spend the summer and is to be the centre of a big reception upon his arrival in his home town. The citizens of Oyster Bay are planning the greatest reception they ever gave the President.

The Rev. Dr. Hillis aroused some feeling in the South by his remarks discussing the case of an Indianapolis chambermaid who refused to make Booker T. Washington's bed. Dr. Hillis said he would be glad to make Mr. Washington's bed should the colored man be a visitor at his home. In appreciation of this utterance some residents of McKenzies, Tenn., signing themselves "Admiring Friends," have sent to Dr. Hillis a purse of 20 cents.

LETTERS.
QUESTIONS.
ANSWERS.

Who Was "The Father of New York?"

To the Editor of The Evening World: I have heard De Witt Clinton called "the Father of New York." My own idea is that Peter Stuyvesant was more the father than De Witt Clinton. Let readers discuss. J. R.

Shamrock Gave the Allowance.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Which boat gave time allowance in the last yacht races? C. G.

From a Utilitarian View.

To the Editor of The Evening World: I was sitting beside the lake in Central Park the other day when two little chaps came along to see the ducks. One saw a big white duck come along. "Here," he shouted, "this one I bet would take the prize." "Never on your life," says the other seven-year-old. "That 'beast' over there (pointing to a small duck with a beautiful head and shiny feathers) is my pick." "No for me," said the first. "Why, there is twice as much eating on mine."

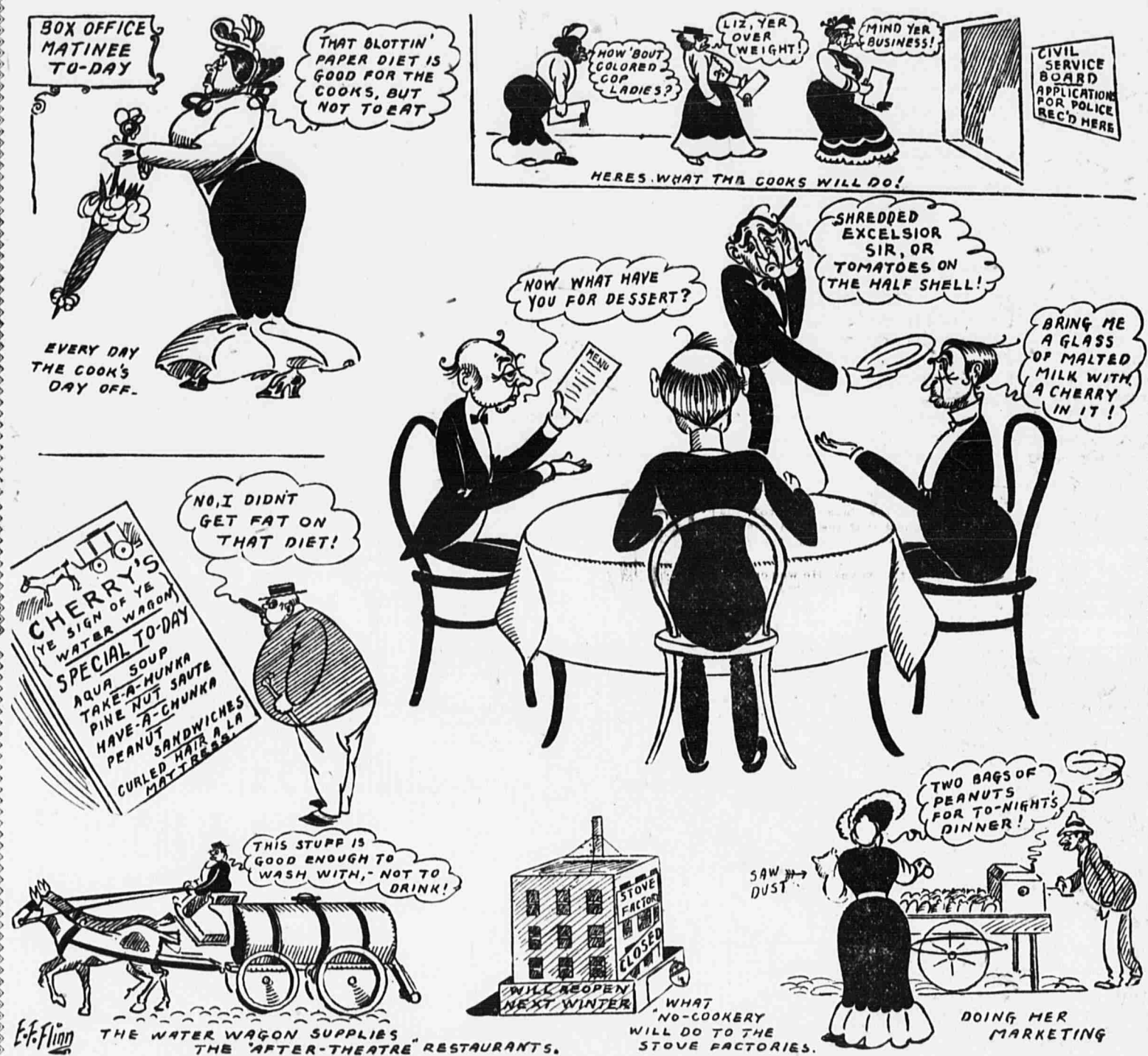
PARK.

German Married Life.

To the Editor of The Evening World: I recently read an article in your paper on the European idea of a wife. In Germany, at least, women are just as happy and more contented than here, as divorces there are very few.

AMERICAN.

WHEN THE "RAW FOOD" FAD GETS A START IN GOTHAM



Eighty New Yorkers dined on uncooked food at a west side hotel the other night.

Soon the craze for cookless cookery may supplant old-time cookbookery; And stoves and cooks and fuel are dropping out of business fast. And raw cabbage will be what'll soon replace the bird and bottle, And good old Aqua Pura Soup may start each state repast.

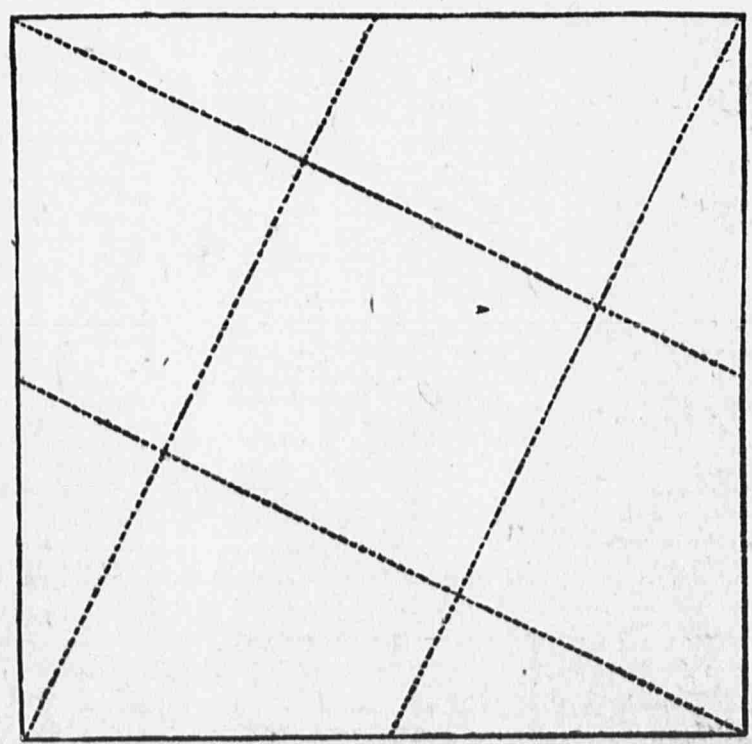
HOME FUN FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

INDOOR GAMES.

Let some one say that he is going to give every one present the name of a flower, but he gives each one the same name, as for instance, give each one "violet." Then he must start to tell a story, and tells the guests that when he says the name of the flower he has given each, each one must try to get out of the room before he is tagged. He proceeds with his story, naming several flowers first, and pretending that he expects some one to leave, and then when he says, for instance, "I picked some violets," of course every one having received the name of violet will try to get out of the room, and it looks very funny to the one telling the story to see every one rushing out of the room. Then they will come back and probably say something about all having the same flower, but the story-teller has the laugh on them all.

Another game is called "Barn Yard Circus." Some one will tell the guests that she will give each one the name of an animal, and then she will count three, and when she says three, each one is to imitate the sound that the animal whose name she has received makes; as, for instance, if one has given cow he would say "Moo-o-o," or rooster, "Cock-a-doo-doo." They are told to imitate the sound as loudly and clearly as possible. But whoever gives the names must tell every person, except one, to keep quiet. Then to the one person whom she has not told to keep quiet she gives the name of an animal, and when she says three the one person only will shout whatever sound he is to make.

THE ELUSIVE SQUARE.



Cut the square from a sheet of strong paper or cardboard and then cut it into nine sections, as shown by the four dotted lines. Now shuffle the pieces, and invite a friend to put them together again so as to form the original perfect square.

Some of the Best
Jokes of the Day.

BUT DID IT?

Naval Officer—This fort was built during the war of 1812.

Visitor—Gracious! I'm glad to find one thing that antedates some of my jokes.—Chelsea Gazette.

AN AMERICAN PRINCE.

Judge—Do you understand the nature of an oath?

Mr. Johnnie—Shuah! Why, it's dis way, Judge: When a gent swears to a lie he gatter stick to it.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

THE REMINDER.

"Mamma," said Bessie, as there came a brief pause in the conversation on the part of the callers, "Isn't it time for you to ask me what I learned at the kindergarten to-day? If you don't do it pretty soon I'll forget what you told me to say."—Chicago Tribune.

CHESTY THE TRAMP.

Dusty—Say, Rusty, who's dat skate over dere on dat flat car, wid 'is chest t'rown out?

Rusty—Sh-h-h! He's de guy dat went wid President Roosevelt on 'is trip West. He rode de trucks on 'is privit car.—Baltimore American.

WASTE NOT, WANT NOT.

He—If you insist upon it, I suppose it is all over between us; but I wish you would return my letters.

She—Way, you are not afraid I shall make use of them to your disadvantage? He—No, but I've got my eye on another girl, and I could use them writing to her, you know.—Boston Transcript.

"SKUPSHTINA."

It Burgeons with Sweet Poetical Possibilities.

"SKUPSHTINA" is the newest word to fill the Trump of Fame:

To answer, once for all, that ancient gag: "What's in a name?"

A month ago (before that Belgrade mix-up did begin) Folks knew not if 'twere dog or bird or patent medicine.

It sounds like words men use when from the water-cart they slip.

It sounds like sneezeful barks evoked by seizure of La Grippe.

The man who coined the Indian names was but a rank beginner.

Compared to that great mind who built the raucous word "Skupshtina."

There's reichstags, reichstaths, juntas; there's a House of Parli-ment;

A Senate here at home, where scrappul mllionaires are sent.

But of ev'ry earthly Gabfest, the odds-on, dry-track winner Is that found Belgrade bunch that's romenculaturd "The Skupshtina."

There's weirdly titled health foods ("All the Wood That's Fit to Eat"),

Like "Predigested Sawwedsuste Germs" and "Bifurcated Wheat."

But not a food of all the push is in the money in a Jawbreaking verbal contest with that blissful word, "Skupshtina."

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